AIRS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

MUSICAL FARCE

OF

THE SON-IN-LAW.

(Price SIX-PENCE.)

(10)

AIRS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

MUSICAL FARCE

OF

THE SON-IN-LAW.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.
M.DCC.LXXXI.

CHARACTERS that ſing the AIRS.

Cranky,	Mr. PARSONS.
Signior Arionelli,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Bowkitt,	Mr. EDWIN.
Bouquet,	Mr. WOOD.
Cecilia,	Miſs HARPER.

SONGS, &c.

IN THE

The SON-IN-LAW.

ACT I.

AIR I.—*Cecilia.*

THO' ſweetly breathes the ſmiling ſpring,
Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
And hawthorn buds ſo gay;
In vain deſcend refreſhing ſhow'rs,
In vain peep forth the infant flow'rs,
My true love far away.

II.

Tho' ſummer ſuns rejoice the ſwains,
Or yellow autumn bleſs the plains,
And ſweetly-ſmelling hay;
Tho' all around be blyth and glad,
Cecilia's heart alone is ſad,
Her true love far away.

AIR.

AIR.——*Bouquet.*

This face obſerve, diſcerning fair,
Obſerve each motion debonair!
My Artois buckles when you view,
In ſhining ſable ſattin ſhoe,
You'll ſay that I'm, from top to toe,
A monſtrous handſome city beau.

II.

My humble whiſky I deſpiſe,
Like Phaeton I mount the ſkies;
And, as I drive away like mad,
They all declare that I'm the lad;
And cry—"he's ſure, from top to toe,
A monſtrous handſome city beau."

AIR

AIR.——*Bowkitt,*

With an air,
Debonair,
I inſtruct the ladies;
Charming, ſweet, and pretty,
Lovely, fair, and witty,
Suſan, Jane, or Kitty,
I contrive to hit ye:
Come away,
All ye gay,
For the dance my trade is;
Charming, ſweet, and pretty,
Lovely, fair, and witty,
Pr'ythee, come away!
See, ſee, ſee!
The dancers are met;
What an elegant ſet!
While in country dance,
Or cotillion they prance,
I regulate their pace.
Ye youths, would you the ſecret know
Why I'm careſt where'er I go,
With kitt in hand I draw my bow,
I ſqueeze the hand, and point the toe,
And ſlide into their grace.

FINALE.

FINALE.

Bowkitt. You're ſo charming and fair,
Such a grace, ſuch an air,
That you'll ſwim in the dance
Like a lady from France;
And will prove, when a wife,
A good partner for life.

Cranky. Some fathers would huff, frown and low'r,
Inſiſt on their abſolute pow'r,
And give up their children for pelf:
But, Cecilia, ſince you'll not agree
To marry the man pleaſes me,
E'en marry who pleaſes yourſelf.

Cecilia. Cupid, Hymen, crown my love,
To a maiden's call attend;
Faithful may the huſband prove,
When the father proves a friend!

CHO-

CHORUS.

Cecilia. Cupid, Hymen, hear our prayer!
Bowkitt. Let the Graces dance the hay!
Cranky. Bacchus, on thy tun appear!
This is Cranky's holiday!

All. This is feaſt, and holiday!

ACT II.

SONG—*Cranky.*

I Like a plain ſong, without fine repetitions,
Soft cadences, graces, or running diviſions;
I love *Lango Lee*, and ſweet *Gra ma chree Molly*,
Or *Strike up the jorum to chace melancholy*,
With a bottle of red, give me *Bumper*, *Squire Jones*,
And the Tempeſt of War in bold Banniſter's tones.
With old friends and old wine,
Thus I feel no decay,
But a gentle decline,
As life paſſes away.
Good-humour's our waiter, ſo drink and ſit ſtill,
For why ſhould we part 'till old death brings the bill?

AIR—*Cecilia.*

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along,
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their evening ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.

II.

Ye flowers that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing;
Ye trees that fade, when Autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?

AIR—*Cecilia.*

Goddeſs of the magic Cæſtus,
Queen of amorous arts and wiles,
How can we, when cares moleſt us,
Veil our agonies in ſmiles?

While in dread ſuſpenſe we tremble,
While black cares and fears annoy,
Vain the effort to diſſemble,
Hard to wear the face of joy!

AIR

AIR—*Arionelli.*

Water parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide.
But in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,
Still it bubbles as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

AIR

AIR—*Arionelli.*

Signior Cranky, then *Addia,*
Baniſh all your vain alarms;
Ah, farewel! *bell' idol mio,*
To a Briton give your charms.

FINALE.

Cranky. No longer Cupid's foe, child,
To make you reparation,
For all your ſad vexation,
Go, pleaſe your inclination,
And take your lovely beau, child.

Cecilia. Papa, I humbly thank ye.
Cranky. Tune up your vi'loncello,
This night I'll ſure get mellow;
Cecilia. And as a kind old fellow,
Each lover here will thank ye.

Cranky. No more I'll be abſurd;
If Old Nick could hither carry him,
You this very night ſhould marry him.
Bouquet. I take you at your word.

Cranky. Hark! hark! for without doubt
The voice came from the baſs.
Bouquet. Make haſte, and let me out!
Cecilia. My lover's in the caſe;
Cranky. A lover in the caſe!
Is this your beau, my dear?
Bouquet. Yes, Sir, and your obedient.
Cranky. And thus you got in here?
Cecilia. *Bouquet.* } A lover's laſt expedient.
Cranky. I keep my word, her hand here take:
Cecilia. No more you'll play the naughty rake.
Bouquet. For love, I folly here forſake.
Cecilia. Hail! oh harmony divine,
Parent of the tuneful Nine:
Warbling, ſporting,
Chirping, courting,
Love, and harmony be mine.

Chorus.

THE END.